

I LOVE A MYSTERY

"The Fear That Creeps Like A Cat"

Story 1 Episode 2



MUTUAL

I LOVE A MYSTERY

STORY 1—EPISODE No. 2

"THE FEAR THAT CREEPS LIKE A CAT"

OCTOBER 4, 1949

SOUND: (TRAIN WHISTLE, WITH TRAIN)
ANNOUNCER: THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM PRESENTS "I LOVE A MYSTERY".
SOUND: (TRAIN WHISTLE)
MUSIC:.....ORGAN THEME..."VALSE TRISTE"
SOUND: (SIREN—SCREECH OF BRAKES)
ANNOUNCER: A NEW CARLTON MORSE ADVENTURE THRILLER! "THE FEAR THAT CREEPS LIKE A CAT"!
SOUND: (CLOCK STRIKES SIX)
ANNOUNCER: SIX O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING IN A SEATTLE HOTEL SOMEWHERE ON THE EDGE OF LAKE UNION. THE THREE BUCCANEERS, JACK PACKARD, DOC LONG, AND REGGIE YORK, ARE LAUNCHED ON A MILLION-DOLLAR MANHUNT. THE SEARCH IS TO TAKE THEM INTO THE RUGGED WILDERNESS ALONG THE WEST COAST OF CANADA, AND THEIR JUMPING-OFF PLACE IS SEATTLE. THEIR JOB IS TO BRING BACK ALEXANDER ARCHER DEAD OR ALIVE, AND ALREADY, THEY ARE FINDING STRONG, WELL-ORGANIZED OPPOSITION, READY TO GO TO ANY EXTREMES TO PREVENT THEM FROM MAKING THE SEARCH. THEY HAD JUST BATTLED MOBSTERS TO A STANDSTILL IN THEIR HOTEL ROOM, WHEN THERE WAS A POUNDING ON THE DOOR, AND A GIRL'S VOICE CRIED OUT, "THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME !"
JACK: (ACTION) GET THAT DOOR OPEN...
SOUND: (DOOR OPENED)
JACK: DOC...REGGIE...
DOC: (COMING TO MIKE) HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER ?
JACK: SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR OUTSIDE THE DOOR...
REGGIE: I SAY—IS SHE DEAD ?
JACK: WAIT'LL WE GET HER INSIDE...GIVE ME A HAND, REGGIE...
REGGIE: RIGHTO.
JACK: KEEP AN EYE ON THE HALL, DOC...
DOC: OKAY...
REGGIE: (STRAINS) HERE WE GO...
JACK: EASY WITH HER...SHE'S BREATHING... SHUT THE DOOR, DOC.
DOC: UH-HUH... NOBODY IN THE HALL...
SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)
JACK: RIGHT HERE ON THE BED...
DOC: HEY, WILL YOU LOOK WHAT WE GOT THIS TIME... DURNED IF SHE AIN'T EVEN PURTIER'N THE OTHER GIRL...
REGGIE: WHAT IS IT, JACK ? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER ?
JACK: SHE MUST HAVE FAINTED—DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING ELSE THE MATTER...
REGGIE: WELL—THAT'S A RELIEF.
DOC: LOOKY, SON, DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING PURTIER'N THEM LONG EYELASHES ?
JACK: I'M MORE INTERESTED IN WHO SHE IS...
REGGIE: AND WHY SHE CAME SCREAMING TO OUR DOOR, SAYING THEY WERE GOING TO KILL HER !
DOC: I JES' LIKE TO SEE ANYBODY TRY KILLIN' HER...YOU KNOW, JACK, ALL MY TEXAS CHIVALRY...

JACK: FORGET YOUR TEXAS CHIVALRY AND GO GET A GLASS OF WATER !
DOC: JES' THE SAME, IF I KIN FIGHT FER THIS LITTLE OLD GAL'S HONOR...
JACK: WILL YOU GET ME A GLASS OF WATER !
DOC: (LEAVING MIKE) AW-RIGHT, AW-RIGHT...
JACK: HELP ME GET HER OUT OF HER COAT...
REGGIE: RIGHT... HOLD HER UP A BIT...(PAUSE) THERE WE ARE.
JACK: SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND IN HER POCKETS...
REGGIE: DRESSED A BIT ON THE EXPENSIVE SIDE...
JACK: YES, LOOK AT THAT DIAMOND ON HER FINGER !
DOC: (COMING TO MIKE) WATER FOR BABY, JACK.
JACK: (GRUNTS)
REGGIE: I SAY, JACK—HERE'S A LETTER ADDRESSED TO JEANETTE ARCHER...
JACK: ARCHER...HERE—LET ME SEE THAT.
REGGIE: QUITE...
DOC: HEY, LOOK, WE'RE HUNTIN' FER A GUY NAMED ALEXANDER ARCHER!
JACK: OF COURSE...
DOC: WONDER IF CURLY-LOCKS HERE'S ANY RELATION ?
REGGIE: ANYTHING IN THE LETTER, JACK ?
JACK: NO—JUST AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM A DRESS SHOP. JEANETTE ARCHER ! DO EITHER OF YOU REMEMBER THE INSURANCE COMPANY SAYING ANYTHING ABOUT A GIRL BY THAT NAME ?
DOC: HECK—I DON'T REMEMBER HALF WHAT THEM INSURANCE GUYS TOLD US.
REGGIE: BUT SHE'S BOUND TO BE RELATED TO THE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR.
JACK: POUR SOME OF THAT WATER ON THIS TOWEL AND BATHE HER FOREHEAD, DOC...
DOC: NOW YOU'RE A-TALKIN', SON...THAT'S A JOB I REALLY LIKE !
JACK: I WISH THOSE FINAL INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY WOULD GET HERE, SO WE COULD GET OUT OF SEATTLE.
DOC: OH, I DON'T KNOW...WE AIN'T GONNA FIND ANY GALS AS PURTY AS THIS UP YONDER IN THE WOODS.
REGGIE: JUST WHAT WERE THEIR ORDERS, JACK ?
JACK: FOR US TO COME TO SEATTLE AND WAIT HERE FOR A TELEGRAM... THAT THERE WOULD BE SOME IMPORTANT LAST-MINUTE INFORMATION BEFORE WE STRUCK OFF INTO THE WOODS.
REGGIE: BUT COULDN'T WE GO WITHOUT THE INFORMATION ?
JACK: I'M GOING TO CHANCE IT, IF THAY DON'T HURRY UP...
DOC: SHE AIN'T SHOWN' NO SIGNS OF COMIN' AROUND...
JACK: GIVE HER TIME...
REGGIE: HAVEN'T WE GOT ALL THE IMPORTANT INFORMATION WE NEED ? WE KNOW THAT ALEXANDER ARCHER HAD A MILLION-DOLLAR INSURANCE POLICY; WE KNOW THAT ON EVIDENCE PRESENTED BY HIS ESTATE, HE WAS DECLARED DEAD BY THE COURTS; THAT THE INSURANCE COMPANY STILL THINKS HE'S ALIVE, AND IS HIDING SOMEWHERE UP ALONG THE CANADIAN COAST...
DOC: YEAH, AND IT'S OUR JOB TO BRING HIM BACK IF HE IS ALIVE...
JACK: AND NOW WE KNOW MORE THAN THAT...
REGGIE: I SAY, WE DO ?
JACK: WELL, WE KNOW THAT THERE'S A GROUP OF PEOPLE MIGHTY ANXIOUS NOT TO HAVE US GO ON THIS MANHUNT...
DOC: (AMUSED) AIN'T IT THE TRUTH...FITST, THAT PURTY FEMALE GIRL THAT CAME IN TOOTIN' A PISTOL...AND THEN, THE OLD GUY...
REGGIE: RICHARD COOPER...

DOC: YEAH, CLAIMIN' THE GIRL'S NAME WAS LAURA AND HE WAS HER PAPA...AND THEN THE REAL FUN, WHEN THEM THREE GUN-TOOTIN' HOMBRES COME BUSTIN' IN...

REGGIE: OH, LOOK HERE...

DOC: HUH? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

REGGIE: THAT CHAPPIE YOU KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS IN THE BATHROOM... HE'S STILL THERE.

DOC: HEY, THAT'S RIGHT!

JACK: TOO MANY THINGS HAPPENING...REGGIE, GO THROW HIM OUT IN THE HALL...

REGGIE: (LEAVING MIKE) WITH PLEASURE...

DOC: WELL, THERE'S ONE THING, SON—WE SURE ARE POPULAR... WE BIN IN SEATTLE ABOUT A HOUR, AND HERE AT THE HOTAL ABOUT A HALF AN HOUR, AND LOOKY ALL THE VISITORS WE'VE HAD...

JACK: I WISH I KNEW WHERE THE GIRL FITS INTO THE PICTUR.

DOC: WELL, IF SHE DON'T FIT NO PLACE ELSE, KIN I HAVE HER?

JACK: YOU'VE PRACTICALLY GOT HER NOW...I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO HOLD HER HEAD IN YOUR LAP...

DOC: WELL, DAD-BUST IT, IT'S EASIER TO BATHE HER FOREHEAD THIS A-WAY...

REGGIE: (BACK-STRAIN) JUST DUMP HIM OUT IN THE HALL ANYPLACE, JACK?

JACK: WHY NOT? HOW BAD IS HE HURT?

REGGIE: (BACK) HE'S JUST SLEEPING OFF A SOCK IN THE KISSER.

JACK: THROW HIM OUT.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS IN BACKGROUND)

DOC: HEY, YOU KNOW SOMETHIN', JACK?

JACK: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DOC: THERE'S SOMETHIN' KINDA INDELICATE MAYBE I OUGHT TO MENTION...

JACK: INDELICATE?

DOC: WELL, FELLER, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, IF YOU WAS TO LOOK...NOT THAT I THINK YOU SHOULD, YOU UNDERSTAND... BUT IF YOU WAS TO LOOK, I BETCHA MONEY YOU'D FIND A LITTLE OLE STABBIN' KNIFE STRAPPED TO THIS BABY'S LEG JUST ABOUT HER RIGHT KNEE...

JACK: YOU'RE SURE?

DOC: IT WAS A ACCIDENT...I JES' COULDN'T HEP SEEIN' IT.

JACK: OH, DON'T BE A HYPOCRITE...

DOC: JACK, I AIN'T NO HYPOCRITE...YOU DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT.

JACK: WEARS A KNIFE, HUH? THE LINDA JOYCE GIRL CARRIED A GUN, AND THIS ONE A KNIFE...

DOC: YEAH, LOOKS LIKE ALL THE CATS IN THE NORTHWEST GOT CLAWS, DON'T IT?

JACK: SHE DOESN'T SHOW ANY SIGNS OF CONSCIOUSNESS YET?

DOC: NOPE...SLEEPIN' LIKE A BABY...

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSSES AWAY FROM MIKE)

REGGIE: (COMING TO MIKE) JACK-JACK—I SAY—RICHARD COOPER...

JACK: WHAT ABOUT HIM?

REGGIE: HE'S COMING DOWN THE HALL...

DOC: HEY, YOU MEAN GRANDPA'S COMIN' TO PAY US ANOTHER VISIT?

REGGIE: I'M NOT SURE. I DUCKED BACK IN THE ROOM THE MOMENT I SAW HIM.

DOC: WANT I SHOULD FRISK HIM AGAIN IF HE ASKS TO COME IN HERE?

JACK: YES...JUST LEAVE THE WET CLOTH ON THE GIRL'S BROW AND GET OVER BY THE DOOR...

DOC: AIN'T MUCH FUN HOLDIN' A UNCONSCIOUS GIRL'S HEAD IN YOUR LAP, ANYWAY...

REGGIE: (AMUSED) I WAS WONDERING WHETHER THAT WAS ROMANCE OR YOUR "MOTHER INSTINCT", DOC.

DOC: HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A BUST IN THE EYE ?

REGGIE: (CHUCKLES)

JACK: DOC, YOU'RE BEHIND THE DOOR...REGGIE, YOU OPEN IT... I'LL HAVE HIM COVERED...

REGGIE: RIGHTO...

SOUND: (RAPPING ON DOOR)

DOC: (CHEERFUL) COMPANY'S HERE...

JACK: OPEN UP, REGGIE...

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

COOPER: (BACK A LITTLE) GENTLEMEN...

REGGIE: I SAY, IT'S MR. COOPER, JACK.

JACK: (BACK A LITTLE) WHAT DOES HE WANT ?

COOPER: (BACK A LITTLE) MAY I COME IN ?

REGGIE: HE WANTS TO COME IN, JACK.

JACK: (BACK A LITTLE) ALL RIGHT...

REGGIE: PLEASE STEP IN, MR. COOPER...

COOPER: (COMING TO MIKE) I'M AFRAID I'M GETTING TO BE AN AWFUL BOTHER.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSSES)

DOC: HOLD STILL, FELLER...

COOPER: HERE, ARE YOU BEHIND ME AGAIN ?

DOC: LOOKS LIKE IT...DON'T IT...

JACK: KEEP YOUR HANDS OUT IN FRONT OF YOU, COOPER...

COOPER: AM I TO BE SUBJECTED TO THIS INIGNITY EVERY TIME I COME INTO THIS ROOM...

JACK: IT'S NOT A BAD IDEA...

DOC: NOPE, HE AIN'T CARRYIN' NOTHIN', JACK...

COOPER: WHAT IN THE WORLD GAVE YOU THE IDEA I MIGHT BE ARMED ?

JACK: EVERYONE ELSE VISITING US, HAS BEEN...

COOPER: BY THE WAY, AS I CAME DOWN THE HALL, I NOTICED SOMETHING RATHER UNUSUAL...

JACK: THAT SO ?

COOPER: YES...THE BODY OF AN UNCONSCIOUS MAN....RATHER OUT OF PLACE IN A HOTEL OF THIS DISTINCTION...

JACK: DID YOU CALL THE MANAGEMENT ?

COOPER: NO, I NEVER LIKE TO GET MIXED UP IN UNPLEASANT MATTERS OF THAT NATURE...BESIDES, THE MANAGEMENT IS UPSET ENOUGH AS IT IS...TWO MEN DIVED INTO THE BAY FROM SOMEPLACE UP ON THIS FLOOR...

DOC: DIVED IN, MY GRANDMA...WE THREWED 'EM IN...

COOPER: IS THAT SO...THEY SAID THEY DIVED IN...

JACK: WELL, NEVER MIND THAT...WHAT DO YOU WANT THIS TIME, COOPER ?

COOPER: I CAME FOR MY DAUGHTER...

REGGIE: I SAY, YOUR DAUGHTER ?

COOPER: YES, SHE'S A LITTLE BIT ECCENTRIC...SHE HAS FAINTING SPELLS.

DOC: FELLER, YOU'RE JUST LOUSY WITH ECCENTRIC DAUGHTERS, AIN'T YOU...

COOPER: I BEG YOUR PARDON ?

DOC: THAT'S WHAT I SAID...FIRST WE GRAB A GAL CARRYIN' A GUN...IN HER POCKET'S A TELEGRAM SAYIN' HER NAME'S LINDA JOYCE...YOU COME ALONG AND SAY HER NAME'S LAURA COOPER...NEXT, WE FIND A GIRL OUTSIDE OUR DOOR IN A DEAD FAINT AFTER YELLIN' SOMEBODY'S TRYIN' TO KILL HER, AND IN HER POCKET'S A LETTER SAYIN' HER NAME'S JEANETTE ARCHER...AND NOW YOU SAY HER NAME'S COOPER.

COOPER: THAT'S RIGHT, BRENDA COOPER...NOW IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME TO CARRY THE CHILD BACK TO HER ROOM--

JACK: HOLD IT, COOPER...

COOPER: (SURPRISE) YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET ME HAVE HER ?

JACK: THAT'S RIGHT...

COOPER: BUT...BUTTHIS IS OUTRAGEOUS...

JACK: MAYBE !

COOPER: BUT THE CHILD NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION...BESIDES, I OBJECT TO LEAVING MY DAUGHTER IN THIS ROOM WITH THREE STRANGE MEN.

JACK: HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE FACT THAT SHE IS CARRYING A LETTER WITH THE NAME JEANETTE ARCHER ?

COOPER: EASILY...JEANETTE ARCHER'S A FRIEND OF MINE...IN FACT, THEY'RE ROOM-MATES AT COLLEGE...

JACK: SOUNDS SILLY...

COOPER: NOW SEE HERE, I DON'T WANT TROUBLE WITH YOU MEN... I'LL ADMIT MY DAUGHTERS ARE A BIT WILD...I'M NOT HOLDING YOU RESPONSIBLE...

SOUND: (OF RAPPING ON DOOR)

JACK: (SHARPLY) DON'T MOVE OR OPEN YOUR MOUTH, COOPER...

COOPER: (SURPRISE) A GUN ?

JACK: YES, A GUN...DOC, OPEN THE DOOR A CRACK... IF THERE'S ANY FUNNY WORK, COOPER'S GOING TO BE SORRY !

DOC: OKAY, FELLA.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

DOC: HEY, IT'S A BELL BOY...HE'S GOT A TELEGRAM.

JACK: TAKE IT AND CLOSE THE DOOR...

DOC: SURE...THANKS, SON...HERE YOU ARE...

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: GOT IT ?

DOC: YOU BET YOU...

JACK: REGGIE...LOOK UP THE NUMBER OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT... GET THEM ON THE PHONE...

COOPER: NOW...NOW, DON'T BE HASTY ?

JACK: YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SUGGESTED IT...

COOPER: I HAD NO INTENTION OF CALLING THEM...IN FACT, I HAVE VERY GOOD REASONS FOR NOT CALLING ...

DOC: YOU AIN'T KIDDIN' THERE, MISTER...

COOPER: YES...MY DAUGHTERS' NAMES HAVE BEEN IN THE PAPERS BEFORE...NOTHING SERIOUS, YOU UNDERSTAND...WILD PARTIES. PLEASE SAVE THEM ANY FURTHER NOTORIETY...

REGGIE: (BACK LITTLE) HERE IT IS, JACK...

JACK: GET THEM ON THE WIRE...

COOPER: YOU...YOU'RE GOING TO INSIST ON IT...

JACK: THAT'S RIGHT...

REGGIE: (BACK) I SAY...GET ME MAIN FOUR, FOUR HUNDRED, PLEASE.

COOPER: IN THAT CASE I SHALL WITHDRAW...

JACK: SUIT YOURSELF...

COOPER: I...I HOPE YOU REALIZE YOU'RE BREAKING AN OLD MAN'S HEART...

JACK: (AMUSED) I SUPPOSE THERE'S A LITTLE OLD GRAY-HAIRED MOTHER WITH A SHAWL AROUND HER SHOULDERS SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND, TOO.

COOPER: (DIGNITY) GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN !

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS...PAUSE...DOOR CLOSSES)

DOC: (CHUCKLES) WE SURE BLUFFED HIM OUT OF THAT ONE.

JACK: BLUFF NOTHING...WHAT'S THE MATTER, REGGIE...HAVEN'T YOU GOT THEM YET ?

REGGIE: THEY'RE ON THE WIRE, BUT THEY ASKED ME TO HOLD THE LINE A MINUTE...

JACK: DOC, LET ME SEE THAT TELEGRAM...

DOC: OH, YEAH...FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY, YOU THINK...

JACK: PROBABLY...

SOUND: (OF RIPPING OPEN ENVELOPE)

DOC: WHAT'S IT SAY...

JACK: IT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR...

REGGIE: RIGHTO...HOLD THE LINE A MOMENT...HERE THEY ARE ON THE WIRE, JACK...

JACK: LET ME TAKE IT...HELLO...LISTEN, THERE'S AN UNCONSCIOUS GIRL BY THE NAME OF JEANETTE ARCHER UP IN ROOM TWO-THIRTY-TWO OF THE CRAWFORD ARMS HOTEL...GET HERE QUICK OR SHE'LL BE KIDNAPPED...(ANGRY) NEVER MIND WHO THIS IS...GET HERE AND STEP ON IT...

SOUND: (RECEIVER UP)

DOC: HEY, JACK, IF WE STICK AROUND HERE AND GET MIXED UP WITH THE POLICE...

JACK: WE'RE NOT GOING TO STICK AROUND...REGGIE, TEAR ALL THE SHEETS OFF THE BEDS...

REGGIE: RIGHTO...

DOC: BUT LOOKY, FELLER--

JACK: DOC, WILL YOU STOP ASKING QUESTIONS AND START TYING THOSE SHEETS TOGETHER...

DOC: OKAY, FELLER, BUT I'M A FLYIN' HIPPO-NAUSEROUS IF I KNOW WHY.

JACK: BE CAREFUL OF THOSE KNOTS...THEY'VE GOT TO HOLD OUR WEIGHT...

REGGIE: I SAY, WE'RE GOING OUT THE WINDOW ?

JACK: THAT'S JUST WHERE WE'RE GOING...

DOC: BUT DOGGONE IT, JACK, THE LAKE'S DOWN BELOW US...

JACK: THEN WE'LL GET OUR FEET WET...

DOC: I'LL SAY WE WILL...CLEAN UP TO OUR NECKS...

JACK: THERE--IS THAT ALL OF THEM ?

REGGIE: THAT'S ALL...

JACK: HERE, MOVE ONE OF THE BEDS OVER TO THE WINDOW...

DOC: COME ON, REGGIE...(STRAINS) DOGGONE, IF THINGS AIN'T GETTIN' CRAZIER'N A LUNATIC ASYLUM...

JACK: YOU FELLOWS GET OUT OF YOUR COATS AND WRAP SOME EXTRA CLOTHES IN THEM AND TIE THEM TO YOUR BACKS...WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SWIM FOR IT...

DOC: BUT WHY THE HECK DON'T WE JES' WALK OUT OF THE PLACE...

JACK: BECAUSE, YOU CRAZY FOOL, COOPER AND HIS GANG WOULD SEE US...THEY'D SEE WE DIDN'T HAVE THIS GIRL WITH US AND THEY'D BREAK IN HERE AND GRAB HER...